



## One Night

*by Joel Johnston*

In and out of season.  
Through infinite dimension  
of mind the thought  
Distorted. This man,  
This person, would thrive  
on harm and hate.  
He threatens a life.

I in mask and robe  
Do trust, and take  
The offerings of this fake.  
Electric smile, I sit  
And taste a bit  
A fruit laden with steel.  
The cold blade bites back.  
I taste my sweet warm blood  
And swallow the blade.  
A strange gift on  
A child's dreamed night.